And say, I am reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceaud, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe,
And what is written shall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,
Titus. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more. (me
Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talke with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tyring day and heauie night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

Come downe and welcome m
Conferre with me of murder
There's not a hollow Caue o
No vast obscurity or misty v
Where bloody murther or de
Can couch for feare but I wil
And in their eares tell them m
Reuenge, which makes the
Titus. Art thou Reuenge, a
To be a torment to mine ene
Tamora. I am, therefore co
Titus. Doe me some seruice
Loe by thy side where Rape
Now giue some surance that
Stab them or teare them on t
And then Ile come and be th
And whirle along with thee
Prouide thee two proper pal
To hale thy vengefull Wagg
And finde out murder in the
And when thy Car is loaden
I will dismount, and by the W
Tret like a seruile footeman
Euen from *Epeons* rising in th
Vntill his very downefall in
And day by day ile doe this
So thou destroy Rapine and
Tamora. These are my m
Titus. Are them thy mini
Tamora. Rape and Murd
Cause they take vengeance
Titus. Good Lord how lik
And you the Empresse: but
Haue miserable mad mistak

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.